

40  
*Ecclesia & Factio.*

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A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Bow-Steeple Dragon,

AND THE

Exchange Grasshopper.

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LONDON, Printed in the Year, 1698.

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Bow-Stephen and

AND THE

Exchange Grappler.

LONDON: Printed in the Year 1838.

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*ECCLESIA & FACTIO.*

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A  
DIALOGUE, &c.

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Dragon.

**T**ELL me Proud Insect, since thou can'st not Fly,  
By what assistance thou art Hopp'd so high:  
The busie swarms of Gnats and Wasps around,  
With Hum, and Buz, thy Revelations sound,  
And cry in thee (alone) their happiness is found.

Me they Despise, and thee they Praise aloud,  
Admire thee, and Adore thee as a God:  
Misled by false Enthusiastick Light,  
They've rais'd thee now to a Destructive hight,  
Who restless strive'st, by thy accustom'd ways,  
To stain those Glories, which thou ne'er cou'dst raise;  
And like your Dam (the Babylonian Beast)  
Cry down those Truths (by which Mankind are Blest)  
Which Reason, well as Faith, makes manifest.

Grashopper:

## Grafhopper.

*Thy Scaly Body, and Aspiring Wings,  
Thy furious Talons, and thy frightful Stings,  
Makes thee seem Monstrous to our milder Flock,  
Who Dreaded once, but now Disdains thy Toke :*

*You'd bind our Souls, b' Omnipotence made free,  
And Rob us of that Heav'n-born Libertie,  
To which we have a Right, as clear as thee.  
My Sons thou wou'dst unreasonably confine  
To Worship God, within no Walls but thine,  
As if the Prayers, from other Temples sent,  
Of sighing Souls, who faithfully Repent,  
Were Scorn'd; and by repulsion backward driven,  
Vanish'd in Air, and reach'd no Ear of Heaven.*

*Where is its Goodness? What awaits its Grace,  
If our sincere Repentance wants access,  
Thro' Heav'n's respect to either Time, or Place?*

*Those measures but our own Projections be,  
Unminded of the Great Eternitie,  
Whose Love Divine moves round the Sinful Ball,  
To Bless each wretch, who on his Mercies call,  
Without regard to Place, no matter where,  
If the Heart's Contrit, and the Mind Sincere.*

*Our Humble Guide the great Example yields,  
Who Pray'd and Preach'd in Gardens, Mounts, and Fields:  
Temples but Sacred from their use became,  
Our Piety makes any House the same :*

Where



*Where e'er we in th' Almighty's Name repair,  
Omnipotence hath promis'd to be there.*

*Besides——*

*Our Prayers (by which all-pitty'ng Heav'n we move,  
To grant us His inestimable Love,  
When with true Zeal our Pious Souls are warm'd)  
Makes the Place Holy, where'soe'er perform'd.*

### **Dragon:**

*Thou know'st I'm founded on a fateless Rock,  
Freed from the danger of an Envious shock,  
Scripture's my Bass, Immovable I stand,  
Guarded by Lawful Pow'r, on ev'ry hand.*

*Establish'd by a National Consent,  
Preach Faith, and Charity, do ills prevent;  
And for the Truths I Teach, am made Predominant.*

*Stedfast and Pure, from Innovations free,  
Preserv'd intire from Mutabillity;  
Safe from your Pride, and Env'y, Arm'd with Law,  
To humble stiff Precisians, who withdraw*

*From my Communion, Conscious to agree  
With Heads uncover'd, or a bended Knee,  
And think a Bow a rank Idolitry.*

*Religion, like a Prince, tho' ne'er so Pure,  
By Pow'r to Punish, must be made secure,  
Or else your Saints, to Reformation given,  
Would quickly cut Ten Thousand Paths to Heaven.*

**B**

**Could**

Could I from Faction's Insolence be free,  
 And live unstain'd, without an Enemy,  
 (But that, till thou art crush'd, can never be)

Then Church, and State might happily Unite,  
 To Mankind's Safety, and to Heav'n's Delight:  
 But you, by Pride, are swell'd to such a Rage,  
 (Fed by the Vice of a Corrupted Age)  
 That now you strike, with Envy, at my Pow'r,  
 And aim'st above my Sacred Head to tow'r:

But all in vain—  
 For that Blest Edifice can never drop,  
 Which, when assail'd, good Heav'n is still the Prop.

You urge a Barn, or Stable, where you Meet,  
 A Field, a Coffee-House, Dancing-School, or Street,  
 Are fit for Heav'nly Worship, and for Prayer  
 Sacred, as unpoluted Temples are.  
 Rare Arrogance indeed, so vilely prone,  
 To justify Irreverence to a God-head done.  
 A Room where Men their common Lusts pursue,  
 Drink, Swear, Lye, Cheat, all Worldly-business do,  
 In Christian Reason, is a hopeful Place  
 To beg God's Presence, or expect His Grace;  
 Whilst His own House, for Holy use ordain'd,  
 To Him Erected, by our Sins unstain'd,  
 Shall be Despis'd, and Unregarded stand,  
 A useless Fabrick, in an Impious Land:  
 Yet do'st thou grumble in oppressive tones,  
 And rail at me for Persecutions.

If

If you, thro' studdi'd Prejudice, retire  
 From what the Laws of God, and Man require,  
 A Legal Force may justly then be us'd;  
 Such Factious Serpents may in time be brais'd:

My Pow'r's from God, and in His Word declar'd,  
 To those who to my Laws bear no regard,  
 Heav'n's Punishments are Just, as to the Good Reward.

The Scriptures whatsoe'er I Teach contain,  
 Whats Easie I Recite, whats Hard Explain:  
 Virtue commend to Practice, Sin reprove,  
 Excite to Faith, Hope, Charity, and Love:  
 Obedience, Loyalty, Repentance, Prayer,  
 The use of what we Spend, or what we Spare.  
 Truth I advance, and what is False suppress,  
 You can no more than these, I do no less.  
 Then tell me what strange Feavour in the Head,  
 At first those Superstitious Penzys bred?  
 From whence you raise that causeless discontent,  
 Which makes you from my Temples thus Dissent?

### Grashopper.

*Superfluous Rites there are, which you maintain,  
 And hold as Decencies, which I think Vain.  
 Look back upon your boasted Pedigree,  
 One part deriv'd of Rome's Idolatry,  
 From whose fantastic Customs you have drawn,  
 Square Caps, low Bows, your Surplis's, and your Lawn.*

*Proud*

*Proud Lazy Prelates, with Pluralities,  
 Who speak but by their hair-brain'd Deputies,  
 Whose Junior Years no Truths obscure can reach;  
 And seldom are so Wise, as those they Teach.  
 Your Mass-like Service, with your noise Toots,  
 Of hum drum Organs, Fiddle Faddles and Flutes,  
 Your high-flown Doctrins to advance a State,  
 And Please it, till Unlawfully made Great,  
 Then turn your Holy Flat'ries to its Fate.  
 These I dislike, from these (in chief) Dissent,  
 As quite repugnant to the Lords intent.  
 These are the sumptuous Trappings of the Whoar,  
 The Marks and Patches which she always wore.  
 These are her studdi'd, and prevailing Charms,  
 Which, but the looser part of Fancy warms,  
 And draws unwary Youth to her Adult'rous Arms.*

### Dragon

*External Order first informs our Sense,  
 And raises in us a due Reverence,  
 Either towards Place, or Person, where we see  
 Concurrent parts, in Noble Form, agree,  
 And tend to a peculiar Harmonie.  
 Or why did the Creator shape the World  
 From a dark Mass, together rudely hurld?  
 But that, in ev'ry part, Mankind should see,  
 The strokes of an Allpow'rful Deity.  
 From whence the light of Faith does first arise,  
 And makes our Reason subject to our Eyes,*

For



For ev'ry wond'rous work of Heav'n we see,  
Gives fresh Assurance of Eternitie;

And by its Graceful Order strikes an Awe,  
Humbles our Souls, and does Obedience draw,  
By Natural means, to Heav'n, and Natures Law:

Therefore, such decent Rites do I dispense,  
As best shall Humble, and Affect the Sense;  
And in my Sons beget a Graceful Reverence.

How Insolent it looks? How Evil bred,  
T'approach God's Presence with a Cover'd Head?  
Yet to a Great-man Couch, with Hat in Hand,  
And Bare, before the Wealthy Idol, stand.  
Or at Devotion so neglectful be,  
As quite abandon all Humilitie;  
And rather than to Bended-knees submit,  
In disrespectful Postures, Lolling sit.

Next, with Church-Government you disagree,  
And causlessly condemn our Hierarchie:  
Rail at my Bishops, angry at their State,  
And Envy them, whose Merit made them Great;  
The Learn'd, and Pious Characters they wear,  
Hath rais'd them to the Dignities they bear.  
Unstain'd their Lives, they are as Guardians chose,  
To save the Church from Errour, and from Foes:  
Without whose Conduct, and Authoritie,  
Religions Pristine state can never be  
Kept from Erroneous Innovations free,

But stand expos'd to every abuse,  
 That each Fanatick whimsie shall produce.  
 Then sure such Men, who by a Painful Life,  
 (Thro' Grace) to Knowledge more sublim'd arise;  
 And, with the piercing Eyes of Reason, see  
 Thro' all the Mist'ries of Divinitie,  
 Justly deserve a Spiritual advance,  
 Above an unlearn'd, or a half-learn'd Dunce;  
 Whose rowling Eyes, feign'd Looks, and yawning Jaws,  
 Can nothing utter, but with Hums, and Haughs;  
 Inspir'd with Ignorance, then roars aloud  
 Audacious Nonsense, to a Brainless Croud:  
 Tis these, who from their Cradle are misled,  
 And backward taught, to Faction's Pulpits bred,  
 Who, with impetuous violence, headlong run,  
 Pursuing Ills, their Rebel Si'ers begun.  
 Thus in their Fathers faults they persevere,  
 And, by Instinct of Nature, envious Dunces are:  
 These, thro' their barren Ignorance, exclaime  
 Against all Order, and the Church defame.  
 Pelting with Faction, and Calumnious Lyes,  
 That Sacred Pow'r, to which they cannot rise;  
 Spurning at all Ecclesiastick Pomp,  
 True Zealous Sons of the detested Rump,  
 Waiting the lucky Minute to be turn'd up Trump.

### Grashopper.

*These bald aspersions, from afar you fetch,  
 Serve, but as Bullets, to enlarge the Breach.*

*Why*

*Why so Disturb'd, so Scornful, and so High?*

*You're but a Weather-cock as well as I.*

*Boast of fix'd Fundamentals, yet I find,*

*For Interest, you can Turn with ev'ry Wind.*

*Where's Right Divine, your Passive, and your Non,*

*The Bubble's once blown up, now, Poh, they're gon.*

*Where is your Loyalty, so subtilly shown,*

*Sometimes to th' Prince, and sometimes to the Throne,*

*Sometimes to both, sometimes to ne'er a one:*

*Thus is it Logically plac'd behind*

*So many School-boys Querks, 'tis hard to find.*

*When the great Change (by Heav'n's permission) try'd*

*Your Churches Doctrine, and her Clergies Pride,*

*Some Conscientious Fools, 'tis true, turn'd out,*

*But all the Wiser Sheepheards fac'd about;*

*And, like good Men, could blacken and upbraid*

*That sinking Pow'r, for which before they Pray'd.*

### Dragon:

*Scandal (as you are wont) I know you chuse,*

*As the best Weapon, of Offence, to use,*

*Whether, on search, it True, or False be found,*

*No matter which, if you can make it wound.*

*But know my Armour's temper'd against Fate;*

*And much to hard, for you to penetrate:*

*The Iron Walls, my treasure'd Truths defend,*

*Reverb'rate all the poisonous balls you send.*

*You charge me with the want of Loyalty,*

*That am the chief support of Monarchy:*

By

By my High Priest the Holy Oyl's apply'd,  
 By me Kings Reign, are Crown'd, and Sanctifi'd;  
 I am on Earth their Safety, and to Heav'n their Guide.

By me the Faction's Falshoods are suppress'd,  
 Scatter'd by restless Rebels, to molest  
 The happy quiet of a Peaceful Reign,  
 Which Traitors Envy, and blind Fools Disdain.

Duty to Kings, I to the Public teach,  
 To Loyalty Excite, Perswade, Beseech,  
 That all things to the Throne be easie made,  
 And him thereon be Rev'renc'd, and Obey'd.

What are all these, but Marks of Loyaltie,  
 Religious Graces, manifest in me,  
 Virtues, I find, too bright for thy dull Eyes to see.

But pray your Reasons to the World impart,  
 Why now you from your old Opinion start.  
 In happy days, when *Charles* the Scepter swai'd,  
 When base Designs, by you know who, were lai'd,  
 Then all your Awkward, Canting Brood profess  
 'Twas Damnable, the Bread of Life to Taste,  
 Within my Sacred Temple-Walls, but now,  
 What then you held so Dang'rous, you Allow.

If Once 'twas an Offence so great, we know  
 (As you maintain'd, full Twenty Years ago)  
 'Tis Now the same, and Ever will be so.

Why do the Grandees of your Leering Tribe,  
 (Who from rank Dugs their Prejudice imbibe)



So curb their Malice, as Conform of late,  
 And with my Flocks they Envy, Congregate.  
 Oft on a Sabaths Morning have I seen  
 Rich Awful Zealots, of a bulkey Mein,  
 Cheat Heaven, and dissemble with the State,  
 To be by Flattery, and Deceit made Great;  
 Visit my Temples, seem devout as Saints;  
 And for their Int'rest, turn base Sicophants:  
 Thus with my Worship, thro' design, agree,  
 And only Mimick, what they hate to be,  
 To climb, unfairly, to Authoritie.  
 Then, by their own Corrupted Whimsies led,  
 Where the rape meet, and common Ills are bred;  
 There hear the Church, from whence they came, Lampoon'd,  
 And True Religion, by an Ape Buffoon'd;  
 Who o'er his Cushion, full of Yawn, and Hum,  
 Stands Gaping like the Bear that beats the Drum.  
 Thus is the Afternoon at Meeting spent,  
 The Morning in the Church, at Sacrament:  
 Rare Pious Christians, full of Faith, and Grace,  
 To thus with Heav'n, dissemble for a Place;  
 And pawn their Souls to purchase Sword or Mace.

If I am Right, and from Mistakes most free,  
 Why do they not Conform intire to me?  
 If your dark System, they believe most True,  
 Why not alone Communicate with you?  
 Those who for Int'rest, carry fair with both,  
 Are Just to neither, by their Faith or Troth:  
 But plung'd between two Crimes, to Greatness bent,  
 Erre with the Wrong, and from the Right Dissent.

D

Grashopper.

## Grashopper.

If you make Laws t' eclips my purer light,  
 And rob my Sons, of what's their native Right,  
 The fault's not theirs, 'tis you incur the blame,  
 The Cunning's on their side, on yours the Shame.  
 Why not by Birth, and Christian Knowledge free  
 To Riches, Honour, and Authoritie?  
 Why must these Worldly Comforts rest in you;  
 Or your Sons count all Pow'r and Place their due?  
 Why may not mine as well assist the State,  
 And in as great attempts, prove fortunate?  
 If you such Laws procure, such Pow'r possess,  
 As prove a hind'rance to our happiness,  
 How can you justly blame us, to evade,  
 And leap o'er all the stumbling-blocks you've laid?  
 If you such bars to our Preferments make,  
 As Oaths, and Sacraments, for your own Int'rest sake,  
 It is no crime in us, the same to Break, or Take.  
 If you attempt, thro' Pride, to keep us low,  
 And we, thro' Cunning, your designs o'ertrow,  
 Call it not Cozening Heaven, but Out-witting you.

## Dragon.

No Laws can such loose Principles restrain,  
 No force can bind you, but a Golden Chain.  
 Int'rest I find, is the prevailing tye,  
 Makes you Approve, Conform, Dissent, Deny,  
 Oppose the Right, or the Wrong Justifie.  
 Int'rest, from me first made you Seperate,  
 And become Rival to the Church, and State.

Int'rest

Int'rest dispos'd you to Intestine Jars,  
 Improv'd to Bloody, and Domestick Wars;  
 Wherein being flatter'd with unjust success,  
 Tramp'd on Merit, spit in Virtues Face,  
 Riffled the Throne, and stain'd the Judgment-seat,  
 With Crimes too black, and dreadful to repeat;  
 As if to you, Omnipotence had given,  
 A Sanguine, not a Milky-way to Heaven.

Still are your Thoughts by wild Ambition tost;  
 Aiming to gain that Pow'r, you justly lost:  
 At all Elections, busie are your Brood,  
 Heaving and shoving 'gainst the Public Good.  
 On all Promotions, Zealously intent,  
 Squeese, Bawl, and Jostle, till their Breaths are spent;  
 Kick, Cuff, and Scandal (heedless of the Laws)  
 Tongues, Feet, and Arms, all working for the Cause;  
 To raise some Meager Darling of their own,  
 Faction in whose penurious looks is shown:  
 Rich by meer Chance, or Fraud, not Great by merit grown.  
 Who can Lye, Cant, Dissemble, or Forswear,  
 Declaim against, or hear the Common-Prayer;  
 Thro' all Opinions Halt, to Lamely reach the Chair.  
 Who can his Conscience, to his Interest mould,  
 Run with the Court, or with the City hold.  
 And without shame, can true Reflections face,  
 Or bear all scandal; with a comely Grace.  
 And will his Pow'r beyond just bounds extend,  
 To injure Foes, or to advance a Friend;  
 Or any thing will do, to serve a Faction's End.

These



These are the worthy *Dolts*, your Sons advance,  
 By their false Poles, and double Diligence.  
 These are the Men of merit, they provide,  
 To Row, and Toe, agaipst the Wind and Tide;  
 Who in Tempestious Discords, they create,  
 Sail quite repugnant to the Church and State:  
 Yet to such outward Godliness seem bent,  
 To Church they'll come, tho' in their Hearts Dissent:  
 But for no Faith, will either Hang, or Starve,  
 Both God and Mammon, for advancement serve;  
 Thus seasonably comply, or in fit times can swerve,  
 If such unsteddy Rovers bear Command,  
 Whilst Men of Worth, shall unregarded stand,  
 By Law, and Nature, Qualifi'd for Trust,  
 To something fix'd, and known in all things just.  
 If Men like these, shall be by Fraud per by,  
 And yield their Rights to the Pedanick Fry,  
 England must soon from all her Graces fall,  
 And mourn her Ancient Glories Funeral,  
 Which Heaven prevent——  
 And (that she may once more her Grandure boast)  
 Retrieve her Virtues, now so nearly lost:  
 And from all Factions Quarrels, and Despights,  
 Preserve the King, Church, Nation, and our Rights;  
 That in One Faith, we may United be,  
 And accord sweetly, in just Harmonie.

**F I N I S**



